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THE
NEW
UNIVERSITY







THE
NEW POETICAL READER.

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

THE following collection has been made in compliance with the wish of many teachers that the Editor should publish another volume of poetry as a sequel to the "Poetical Reader."

By employing a smaller, though clear type, he has been able to include several poems of considerable length as well as a large number of short pieces.

This volume will be found peculiarly rich in poems which now appear for the first time in a Reading Book—a feature for which the Editor is greatly indebted to the many authors and publishers who have generously permitted him to

insert valuable copyright poems. Among the latter he desires especially to mention Messrs. Blackwood and Sons., Macmillan and Co., Masters and Co., and Strahan and Co.

November, 1871.

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The New Poetical Reader.

CHILDREN.—*Longfellow.*

COME to me, O ye children !
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow ;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
 And the wisdom of our books,
 When compared with your caresses,
 And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
 That ever were sung or said ;
 For ye are living poems,
 And all the rest are dead.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.—

N. Macleod.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night ;
 There's a star to guide the humble ;—
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely ! strong or weary,
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Perish policy and cunning !
 Perish all that fears the light !
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Trust no party, sect, or faction ;
 Trust no leaders in the fight ;
 But in every word and action,
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Trust no lovely forms of passion ;
 Fiends may look like angels bright ;
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
 Inward peace, and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight ;
 Cease from men, and look above thee,
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'

A FAREWELL.—*Kingsley.*

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey ;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who would be clever,
 Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long,
 And so make life, death, and that vast for ever,
 One grand, sweet song.

ST. HELEN'S-AUCKLAND.—*Sir H. Taylor.*

I WANDER o'er each well-known field
 My boyhood's home in view,
 And thoughts that were as fountains seal'd
 Are welling forth anew.

The ancient house, the aged trees,
 They bring again to light
 The years that like a summer's breeze
 Were trackless in their flight.

How much is changed of what I see,
 How much more changed am I,
 And yet how much is left—to me
 How is the distant nigh !

The walks are overgrown and wild,
 The terrace flags are green—
 But I am once again a child,
 I am what I have been.

The sounds that round about me rise
 Are what none other hears ;
 I see what meets no other eyes,
 Though mine are dim with tears.

The breaking of the summer's morn—
 The tinge on house and tree—
 The billowy clouds—the beauty born
 Of that celestial sea,

The freshness of the faëry land
 Lit by the golden gleam ;
 It is my youth that where I stand
 Surrounds me like a dream.

Alas the real never lent
 Those tints, too bright to last ;
 They fade, and bid me rest content
 And let the past be past.

The wave that dances to the breast
 Of earth, can ne'er be stay'd ;
 The star that glitters in the crest
 Of morning, needs must fade :

But there shall flow another tide,
 So let me hope, and far
 Over the outstretch'd waters wide
 Shall shine another star.

In every change of Man's estate
 Are lights and guides allow'd ;
 The fiery pillar will not wait,
 But parting, sends the cloud.

Nor mourn I less the manly part
 Of life to leave behind ;
 My loss is but the lighter heart,
 My gain the graver mind.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.—*J. H. Newman.*

LEAD Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
 Lead Thou me on !
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant way—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to see and choose my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

TO A CHILD.—*F. T. Palgrave.*

If by any device or knowledge
The rosebud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rosebud for ever,
Nor into its fulness grow.
And if thou could'st know thy own sweetness,
O little one, perfect and sweet !
Thou would'st be child for ever ;
Completer whilst incomplete.

ON AN INFANT NEPHEW.—*W. M. Præd.*

THE little one,—the little one !
'Tis a fearful thing and strange,
That the silent seasons as they run
Should work such mighty change ;
The lips that cannot lisp my name
May rule the stern debate ;
And the hands too weak for childhood's game
Sport with the falchion's weight !
The beauteous one,—the beauteous one !
In the wide world, I wis,
There's many a beauteous thing, but none
Of beauty like to this.

In youth and age, earth's sinful leaven
 Where'er we go we trace ;
 But there is only peace and Heaven
 In the smile of an infant's face.

The merry one,—the merry one !
 He is all wit and whim ;
 Our life has nought but a cloudless sun
 And a waveless sea for him.
 He knows not sorrow's thorny path,
 Nor pleasure's flowery snare,
 Nor heeds the bitter glance of wrath,
 Nor the haggard cheek of care.

The cherished one,—the cherished one !
 A mystery is the love
 Of parents for their infant son ;
 It cometh from above.
 He is all music to their ear,
 All glory to their sight,
 By day he is their hope and fear,
 Their thought and dream by night.

The guiltless one,—the guiltless one !
 How blest the earth would be,
 If her best and holiest men had done
 No more of wrong than he !
 If the blot of sin and the doom of pain
 On the baby's brow be set,—
 O brother !—who shall see the stain
 Or read the sentence yet ?

THE RAINBOW.—*Wordsworth.*

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a man ;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
 The child is father of the man,
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

MARGARET WILSON.—*F. T. Palgrave.*

FOUR children at their little play
Across the iron-furrow'd way ;
Joyous in all the joy of May.

Three, babies ; and one, Margaret,
In charge upon the others set
To lift and soothe them if they fret.

The sky is blue ; the sun is bright ;
The little voices, pure and light,
Make music as they laugh outright.

The noiseless weight of giant wheels
Amongst them in a moment steals,
And death is rolling at their heels.

She ran with one to reach the side,
And reach'd it, and look'd back, and spied,
Where the dark wheels right towards them slide,

The other two, that were forgot,
Playing by Death, and knowing not ;
And drew them to the narrow spot

Between the rails and platform-side,
Safe nestling down ;—but as they glide
The wheel-rods struck her, and she died.

By those she died for there she lay,
Nor any word could Margaret say,
But closed her eyes, and pass'd away.

—My little heroine ! though I ne'er
Can look upon thy features fair,
Nor kiss the lips that mangled were :

Too small a thing from Fame to have
A portion with the great and brave,
And unknown in thy lowly grave:

Yet thy true heart and fearless faith,
And agony of love in death
God saw, and He remembereth.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK !—*Tennyson.*

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE SANDS OF DEE.—*Kingsley.*

'O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee ;'
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

'Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
Of drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets of sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.'

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

THE THREE SONS.—*J. Moultrie.*

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle
mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his
childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious
air :
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency :
But that which others most admire, is the thought which
fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth
find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together
walk ;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children
talk,
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat
or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly
mimics all.
His little head is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts
about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to
pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words
which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years
like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be :

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful
brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him
now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on
my knee :
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's, keen.
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever
been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind and tender
feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love
revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk who pass us in
the street
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and
sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden house and
hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart
may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly
love :
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes may dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him !

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months, where he is
gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were
given,
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in
Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph
brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he
doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not
reveal :
But I know (for God doth tell me this) that he is now at
rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving
breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh ;
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy for
ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close, beneath their glittering
wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's
divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
When God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every
eye,
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never
cease ;
Their lot may here be grief and care, but *his* is certain
peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss
may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still
may be,—
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss and *this*
world's misery,
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this
grief and pain—
Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here
again.

DO GOOD.—*W. Barnes.*

AH ! child ! the stream that brings
To thirsty lips their drink,
Is seldom drain'd ; for springs
Pour water to its brink.

The well-springs that supply
 The streams, are seldom spent,
 For clouds of rain come by,
 To pay them what they lent.

The clouds that cast their rain
 On lands that yield our food,
 Have water from the main,
 To make their losses good.

The sea is paid by lands,
 With streams from ev'ry shore ;
 So give with kindly hands,
 For God can give you more.

He would that in a ring
 His blessings should be sent,
 From living thing to thing,
 But nowhere staid or spent.

And ev'ry soul that takes,
 But yields not on again,
 Is so a link that breaks
 In Heaven's love-made chain.

LINES ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.—*Cowper.*

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !'
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Bless'd be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim,
 To quench it), here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.

I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !

But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children, not thine, have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the garden'er, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced

A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum :
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere ;
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore,
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ;'
And thy loved consort, on the dangerous tide

Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

THE BUCKET.—*S. Woodworth.*

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew !
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well,—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure ;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest, that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well,—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well,—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

TO THE CUCKOO.—*Wordsworth.*

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers ;
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
E'en yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial fairy placè ;
That is fit home for Thee !

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewash'd halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow ;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold ;
Cross his hands on his bosom now ;—
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer, soft and low ;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride you know :
Somebody's hand had rested there.
Was it a mother's soft and white ?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light ?

God knows best ; he has somebody's love ;
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;
 Somebody wafted his name above,
 Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched away
 Looking so handsome, brave and grand ;
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
 Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him—
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart ;
 And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
 And the smiling childlike lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
 ' Somebody's Darling slumbers here ! '

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.—*W. Barnes.*

I'd a dream to-night
 As I fell asleep,
 Oh ! the touching sight
 Makes me still to weep :
 Of my little lad,
 Gone to leave me sad,
 Aye, the child I had,
 But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
 I my child did seek,
 There, in train, came by
 Children fair and meek,
 Each in lily white,
 With a lamp alight ;
 Each was clear to sight,
 But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
 Came my child in turn,
 But the lamp he had,
 Oh ! it did not burn ;

He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
'Your tears put it out ;
Mother, never mourn.'

FAREWELL.

I NEVER cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me ;
A little flower—a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly.

I never look'd a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank from a feeling, almost pain,
E'en from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word 'Farewell'
But with an utterance faint and broken ;
An earth-sick yearning for the time
When it shall never more be spoken.

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.—*Longfellow.*

LABOUR with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits ;

Waits, and will not go away ;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid ;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made ;

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear ;
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.—*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior,
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breath'd a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave ?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought !
Before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife, that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
 O dark Beth-Peor's hill !
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell ;
 He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

A FAREWELL.—*Tennyson.*

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
 Thy tribute wave deliver :
 No more by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
 A rivulet, then a river :
 Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
 And here thine aspen shiver ;
 And here by thee will hum the bee,
 For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
 A thousand moons will quiver ;
 But not by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

THE SEA.—*Barry Cornwall.*

THE Sea ! the Sea ! the open Sea !
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
 It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea ! I'm on the Sea !
 I am where I would ever be ;
 With the blue above and the blue below
 And silence wheresoe'er I go ;

If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me ;
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

MEN OF ENGLAND.—*Campbell.*

MEN of England ! who inherit
Rights ~~that~~ cost your sires their blood !
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood :—

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won !

Yet remember, England gathers
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
 If the virtues of your fathers
 Glow not in your hearts the same.
 What are monuments of bravery,
 Where no public virtues bloom?
 What avail in lands of slavery
 Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?
 Pageants!—let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and laws,
 And the breasts of civic heroes
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause.
 Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
 Martyrs in heroic story,
 Worth a thousand Agincourts!
 We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crown'd and mitred tyranny:—
 They defied the field and scaffold
 For their birthrights—so will we!

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

F. T. Palgrave.

I LOVE the gracious littleness
 Of Childhood's fancied reign:
 The narrow chambers and the nooks
 That all its world contain:
 The fairy landscapes on the walls
 And half-imagined faces:
 The stairs from thoughtless steps fenced off,
 The landing loved for races:—
 By stranger feet the floors are trod
 That still in thought I see:
 But the golden days of Childhood
 May not return to me.
 I love the little room where first
 On infant reason broke
 The knowledge we had seen before
 The place in which we woke:

Where first we link'd a happy eve
To an all-sunny morning,
Nor in that rigid chain of time
Read any note of warning.
Why are the years together forged
And bound by Fate's decree,
If the golden days of Childhood
May not return to me ?

I love the broken plaything ghosts
That once were living joys :
Th' extemporized delight we snatch'd
From toys that were not toys :
The hands that nursed our infant limbs,
And bade us ' sleep in clover ' ;
The lips we shall not kiss again
That kiss'd us oft and over :—
These relics of the past I prize,
Though faint and rare they be :
For the vanish'd days of Childhood
May not return to me.

I love the swing that shook between
The jaw-bones of the whale :
The hollow rocking garden-boat
Fit haunt for feast and tale :
The mat-roof'd cabin where we crouch'd
And scorn'd the storm together :
Th' initials flourish'd on the beech
To tell our loves for ever :
That half we wish'd and half we fear'd
Another's eyes might see :—
—Ah, that the days of Childhood
May ne'er return to me !

I love the lawn—the scene of high
Hellenic bulrush fights :
Where Homer's heroes, known through Pope,
Gave names to childly knights ;
Where after-life was shadow'd out
In feats of happy daring,
Till each went off the field with joy
The victor-trophies sharing :

To count the shatter'd darts that lay,
The dints that scarr'd the tree—
—Ah, that the days of Childhood
May ne'er return to me !

I love the palaces we built,
The fancied brick or stone :
The forts for happy snowball siege,
And conquest lightly won :—
The mimic puppet shows we framed
To act some Shakespeare story,
Where Rome and Forres were set forth,
And Cæsar fell in glory :
Where all was false and all was true
The moment might decree.—
—Ah, that the days of Childhood
May ne'er return to me !

I love the foolish words—that love
Recorded as they fell :
The very faults that then we wept,
The follies prized too well :—
Alas for loss that Time has wrought :
For joys, from grief that borrow ;
For sorrows that we cannot weep,
And sins that bring no sorrow !
Where is that unremorseful woe,
That unreflecting glee ?
Alas ! the days of Childhood
May ne'er return to me.

I love that timid soul that blush'd
Before an elder's look :
Yet from its equals in the game
No tyranny could brook :—
That spoke undaunted truth, no veils
Of Custom interposing :
Nor fear'd its weakness and its strength
To open hearts disclosing.
I love the very strife that left
Our souls for love more free :
For the truthful days of Childhood
May ne'er return to me.

—Alas for hands that then we clasp'd ;
 For merry tripping feet ;
 For daily thoughtless welcomings,
 And partings but to meet !
 The shout, the song, the leap, the race :
 The light of happy faces :
 The voice, the eyes of vanish'd love ;
 The youthful fond embraces.
 —I hoard the thought of things that were,
 And ne'er again shall be :
 For the loving days of Childhood
 May not return to me.

—But O blithe little ones—that dance,
 And bid me join your play :
 How can I share your blessedness ?
 How can I turn away ?—
 Yours are the gleam of azure eyes,
 The light of happy faces :—
 The hurried breath of eager joy,
 The proffer'd pure embraces :—
 What can I then but take the gift,
 The love you lavish free ?—
 —In you the days of Childhood
 May yet return to me.

LATE, LATE.—*Tennyson.*

LATE, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill !
 Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.
 Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we : for that we do repent ;
 And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
 Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

No light : so late ! and dark and chill the night !
 O let us in, that we may find the light !
 Too late, too late : ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet ?
 O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet !
 No, no, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS !

Park Benjamin.

How cheery are the mariners—
Those lovers of the sea !
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,
As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
In circles round the mast ;
And sing when deep in foam the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ?
There's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
Or sink to chasms low,
The vessel stout will ride it out,
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvass furled,
The gallant hull will float
Securely, as on inland lake,
A silken-tasselled boat ;
And sound asleep some mariners,
And some with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark
That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners !
And temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast,
To their storm-shattered sails ;
And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
To brave the mighty sea !

WEARINESS

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Shakspeare.

THE GOLDEN KEY—A PARABLE.

G. Macdonald.

NIGHT's drooping flags were slowly furled ;
The sun arose in joy ;
The boy awoke, and all the world
Was waiting for the boy.

And out he ran. Lo ! everywhere
Was full of windy play ;
The earth was bright and clear and fair,
All for his holiday.

The hill said 'Climb me,' and the wood,
'Come to my bosom, child ;
I'm full of gambols ; they are good,
My children, and so wild !'

He went, he ran. Dark grew the skies,
And pale the shrinking sun.
'How soon,' he said, 'for clouds to rise
When day was but begun !'

The wind grew wild. A wilful power,
It swept o'er tree and town.
The boy exulted for an hour,
Then sat with head bowed down.

And as he sat the rain began,
And rained till all was still :
He looked, and saw a rainbow span
The vale from hill to hill.

He dried his tears. 'Ah ! now,' he said,
'The storm brings good to me :
Yon shining hill—upon its head
I'll find the golden key.

But ere, through wood or over fence,
He could the summit scale,
The rainbow's foot was lifted thence,
And planted in the vale.

'But here it stood. Yes here,' he said,
Its very foot was set ;
I saw this fir-tree through the red,
This through the violet.'

He sought and sought, while down the skies
 Went, slowly went the sun.
 At length he lifted hopeless eyes,
 And day was nearly done.

Low radiant clouds of level red
 Lay o'er a sun-filled tomb ;
 And all their rosy light was shed
 On his forgotten home.

'So near me yet ! Oh happy me,
 No farther to have come !
 One day I'll find the golden key,
 But now away for home !'

He rose, he ran, as yet in play,
 But rest was now before ;
 And as the last red streak grew gray
 Opened his father's door.

His father stroked his drooping head,
 And gone were all his harms ;
 His mother kissed him in his bed,
 And heaven was in her arms.

He folded then his weary hands,
 And so they let them be ;
 And ere the morn, in rainbow lands,
 He found the golden key.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

Moore.

THIS world is all a fleeting show
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even ;
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way,—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven !

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.—*Aytoun.*

COME hither, Evan Cameron !
 Come, stand beside my knee—
 I hear the river roaring down
 Towards the wintry sea.
 There's shouting on the mountain side,
 There's war within the blast—
 Old faces look upon me,
 Old forms go trooping past.
 I hear the pibroch wailing
 Amidst the din of fight,
 And my dim spirit wakes again
 Upon the verge of night !

'Twas I that led the Highland host
 Through wild Lochaber's snows,
 What time the plaided clans came down
 To battle with Montrose.
 I've told thee how the Southrons fell
 Beneath the broad claymore,
 And how we smote the Campbell clan
 By Inverlochy's shore.
 I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
 And tamed the Lindsay's pride ;
 But never have I told thee yet
 How the Great Marquis died !

A traitor sold him to his foes ;—
 O deed of deathless shame !
 I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
 With one of Assynt's name—
 Be it upon the mountain's side,
 Or yet within the glen,
 Stand he in martial gear alone,
 Or backed by armed men—

Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown ;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down !

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fencel~~ess~~ man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lads
In balcony and bow,
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row ;
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see !

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye ;—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him,
Now turned aside and wept.

* * * * *

* * * They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom ;
And then uprose the Great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

‘ Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew’s cross,
That waves above us there—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And oh, that such should be !—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies ’twixt you and me—
I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope, on my dying day,
To win the martyr’s crown !

‘ There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my fathers’ grave.
For truth and right, ’gainst treason’s might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them :
I go from you to Him !’

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town :

The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come ;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below,
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree !
Hark ! Hark ! it is the clash of arms —
The bells begin to toll—
He is coming ! he is coming !
God's mercy on his soul !
One last long peal of thunder—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

He is coming ! he is coming !—
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye ;
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die :
There was colour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man !

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through :

Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee ;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace,
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away :
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth, and sun, and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll ;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done !

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.—*W. Allston.*

ALL hail ! thou noble land,
Our father's native soil !
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore,
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,
 From his pine-embattled steep,
 Shall hail the great sublime ;
 While the Tritons of the deep
 With their conch the kindred league shall proclaim,
 Then let the world combine—
 O'er the main our naval line,
 Like the milky-way, shall shine
 Bright in fame !

Though ages long have passed
 Since our fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O'er untravelled seas to roam,—
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame,
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains ?

While the language free and bold
 Which the bard of Avon sung,
 In which our Milton told
 How the vault of heaven rung,
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;
 While this, with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 From rock to rock repeat
 Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts,
 Between let ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun :
 Yet, still, from either beach,
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech,
 ' We are one !'

OH ! it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.—*Shakspeare.*

MOSES.—*J. H. Newman.*

MOSES, the patriot fierce, became
The meekest man on earth,
To show us how love's quick'ning flame
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
Lost Canaan by self-will,
To show, where Grace has done its part,
How sin defiles us still.

Thou, who hast taught me in Thy fear,
Yet seest me frail at best,
O grant me loss with Moses here,
To gain his future rest !

ALMA.—*Archbishop Trench.*

THOUGH till now ungraced in story, scant although thy
waters be,
Alma, roll these waters proudly, proudly roll them to
the sea.
Yesterday unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering
Tartar known,
Now thou art a voice for ever to the world's four corners
blown.
In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless
name,
And a star for ever shining in their firmament of fame.
Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower,
and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like
thine ;
Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a
living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of
the dead.
Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly
mourning, say—
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept
itself away—

'He has past from us, the loved-one ; but he sleeps with
 them that died
 By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side.'
 Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are calm
 as those,
 Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds
 repose,
 Thou on England's banners blazoned with the famous
 fields of old,
 Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the
 brave and bold ;
 And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great
 deed to be done,
 By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights
 were won.
 Oh, thou river ! dear for ever to the gallant, to the
 free,
 Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the
 sea.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.—*J. R. Lowell.*

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
 And busily all the night
 Had been heaping field and highway
 With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
 Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
 And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
 Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
 Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
 The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
 And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
 The noiseless work of the sky,
 And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
 Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
 Where a little headstone stood ;

How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, 'Father, who makes it snow?'
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
'The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father,
Alone can make it fall!'

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

THE TRUMPET.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the land—
Light up the beacon pyre!
A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire.
A hundred banners to the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast—
And, hark! was that the sound of seas?
A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The mourner hears the thrilling call
And rises from the earth.

The mother on her first-born son
 Looks with a boding eye—
They come not back, though all be won,
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
 The falchion to his side ;
 E'en, for the marriage altar crowned,
 The lover quits his bride.
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,
 By *earthly* clarion spread !—
 How will it be when kingdoms hear
 'The blast that wakes the dead ?

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.—*Longfellow.*

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Apparell'd in magnificent attire,
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, '*Deposuit potentes
 De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*'
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,
 'What mean these words?' The clerk made answer
 meet,
 'He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree.'
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
 'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
 Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;
 For unto priests and people be it known,
 There is no power can push me from my throne !'
 And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;
 The church was empty, and there was no light,

e where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
 hted a little space before some saint.
 started from his seat and gazed around,
 saw no living thing and heard no sound.
 groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
 cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
 l uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
 l imprecations upon men and saints.
 : sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
 if dead priests were laughing in their stalls !
 ength the sexton, hearing from without
 : tumult of the knocking and the shout,
 l thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
 ne with his lantern, asking, ' Who is there ? '
 f-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
 en : ' tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ? '
 : frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
 is is some drunken vagabond, or worse ! '
 ned the great key and flung the portal wide ;
 an rushed by him at a single stride,
 rgard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
 o neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
 leaped into the blackness of the night,
 l vanished like a spectre from his sight.

ert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 l Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 poiled of his magnificent attire,
 e-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
 h sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
 de on and thundered at the palace gate ;
 hed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
 right and left each seneschal and page,
 l hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
 white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
 m hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
 ces and cries he heard, but did not heed,
 il at last he reached the banquet-room,
 ing with light, and breathing with perfume.
 re on the dais sat another king,
 aring his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,

King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognise.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, ' Who art thou ? and why com'st thou here ?
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
' I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne !'
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
' Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester ; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall !'

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of ' Long live the King !'
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, ' It was a dream !'
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
'Art thou the King?' the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, 'I am, I am the King!'

Almost three years were ended ; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,

His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
'I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?'
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, 'It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!'
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,

Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
'Art thou the King?' Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him : 'Thou knowest best !
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven !'
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street :
'He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree !'
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
'I am an Angel, and thou art the King !'

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

SOUND SLEEP.—*Miss Rossetti.*

SOME are laughing, some are weeping ;
She is sleeping, only sleeping.
Round her rest wild flowers are creeping ;
There the wind is heaping, heaping
Sweetest sweets of Summer's keeping,
By the corn fields ripe for reaping.

There are lilies, and there blushes
 The deep rose, and there the thrushes
 Sing till latest sunlight flushes
 In the west ; a fresh wind brushes
 Through the leaves while evening hushes.

There by day the lark is singing
 And the grass and weeds are springing ;
 There by night the bat is winging ;
 There for ever winds are bringing
 Far-off chimes of church-bells ringing.

Night and morning, noon and even,
 Their sound fills her dreams with Heaven
 The long strife at length is striven :
 Till her grave-bands shall be riven.
 Such is the good portion given
 To her soul at rest and shriven.

LABOUR.—*F. S. Osgood.*

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us :
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;
 Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
 Unintermitting goes up into Heaven !
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing :
 Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

'Labour is worship!' the robin is singing :
 'Labour is worship!' the wild bee is ringing :
 Listen! that eloquent music upspringing
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life giving shower ;
 From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower ;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower ;
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labour is life!—'tis the still water faileth ;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth !
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens ;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;
Play the sweet keys would'st thou keep them in tune !

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us ;
Rest from world syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow,
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Labour is health—lo ! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping !
How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam, the swift sickle guides,
Labour is wealth—in the sea the pearl growth,
Rich the Queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth,
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
Temple, and statue, the marble block hides.

Droop not though shame, sin, and anguish are round
thee ;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;
Look to yon blue heaven smiling beyond thee ;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;
Labour—all labour is noble and holy,
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God. •

FREEDOM.—*R. Lovelace.*

STONE walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.—*Tennyson.*

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother
dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no
more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace
of mind ;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never
see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a merry
day ;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen
of May ;
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel
copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the
pane :
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on
high :
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-
tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er
the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering
grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of
mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,

Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is
still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning
light

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow
cool

On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in
the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn
shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am
lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you
pass,

With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant
grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me
now ;

You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be
wild,

You should not fret for me, mother, you have another
child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-
place ;

Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your
face ;

Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you
say,

And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for
evermore,

And you see me carried out from the threshold of the
door ;

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing
green :

She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor :
 Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never garden
 more :
 But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that
 I set
 About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.
 Good-night, sweet mother : call me before the day is
 born.
 All night I lay awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year ;
 So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

VIRTUE.—*G. Herbert.*

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives ;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

THE DEATH OF RICHARD I.—*Miss M. B. Smalley.*

IN the tent-door
 Stood Isabel, and saw the dying King.
 He, on his couch, an arrow in his breast,
 Kept down his pain as though it were his foe,
 And gazed, unshaken, in the eyes of Death.
 She heard him speak. There stood an archer bound,
 At his bed-foot, defiant, in the gripe

Of men whose faces thirsted for his blood,
Scarce able to restrain themselves, and wait
His sentence ; this was he who slew the King ;
And the King spoke his doom. ' Take him away,
And set him free, I freely pardon him.'
They dragg'd him forth. Then was the place made calm
Except for grief ; and the King smiled, and waved
His strong hand feebly, and, with steady voice,
Slow dying into silence like a horn,
Said : ' Farewell, England ! farewell, all my knights !
Remember me in battle, as a man
Who never turn'd his back, nor broke his faith,
Nor fail'd to spare the weak. I have not shaped
A Law to keep my name for after-times,
As on a throne, above the minds of men ;
But Man is more than Law, and I may leave
Some impress of myself upon the world,
One poor brief life, helping to feed the flame
Of chivalry, and keep alive the truth
That courage, honour, mercy, make a knight.'
Here paused the stately sound, and then resumed
More softly : ' Do not weep. O, die with me
But do not hold me back ! I cannot die
With all this weight of tears about my heart.'
And low sobs answer'd through the stillness, yet
You could not see who wept. Then stretch'd the King
His arms, and cried : ' I see, I see a cross
Beneath the palms. O, weary waste of sand !
O, Cross, my home ! let me lie down and sleep
At Thy dear foot, and dream of deeds to come,
Forgetting all the feeble, sinful past !
Father, forgive me ! Is my brother there ?
Let some one tell him to be true to England.
Where is my sword ? This trumpet in mine ears,
So far, so faint, is yet a call to war—
To horse ! To horse !' Erect he sate, and shook
His sword, cried : ' God for England !' and was dead.

THAT light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.—*Shakspeare.*

THE CHURCH OF BROU.—*M. Arnold.***I. The Castle.**

DOWN the Savoy valleys sounding,
Echoing round this castle old,
'Mid the distant mountain chalets
Hark! what bell for church is toll'd?

In the bright October morning
Savoy's Duke had left his bride.
From the Castle, past the drawbridge,
Flow'd the hunters' merry tide.
Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering,
Gay, her smiling lord to greet;
From her mullion'd chamber casement
Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna by the Danube
Here she came, a bride, in spring.
Now the autumn crisps the forest;
Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hounds are pulling, prickers swearing,
Horses fret, and boar-spears glance:
Off!—They sweep the marshy forests,
Westward, on the side of France.

Hark! the game's on foot; they scatter:—
Down the forest ridings lone,
Furious, single horsemen gallop.
Hark! a shout—a crash—a groan!

Pale and breathless, came the hunters.
On the turf dead lies the boar.
Oh! the Duke lies stretch'd beside him—
Senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening,
Down the leaf-strewn forest road,
To the Castle, past the drawbridge,
Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,
Ladies waiting round her seat,
Cloth'd in smiles, beneath the dais
Sate the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unharring!
Tramp of men and quick commands!
'—'Tis my lord come back from hunting.'—
And the Duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired, came the hunters;
Stopp'd in darkness in the court.
'—Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!
To the hall! What sport, what sport?'

Slow they enter'd with their Master;
In the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains;
On his brow an angry frown.

Dead her princely youthful husband
Lay before his youthful wife;
Bloody 'neath the flaring sconces:
And the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna by the Danube
Kings hold revel, gallants meet.
Gay of old amid the gayest
Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna by the Danube
Feast and dance her youth beguil'd
Till that hour she never sorrow'd;
But from then she never smil'd.

'Mid the Savoy mountain valleys
Far from town or haunt of man,
Stands a lonely Church, unfinish'd,
Which the Duchess Maud began:

Old, that Duchess stern began it;
In grey age, with palsied hands.
But she died as it was building,
And the Church unfinish'd stands;

Stands as erst the builders left it,
When she sunk into her grave.
Mountain greensward paves the chancel ;
Harebells flower in the nave.

‘In my Castle all is sorrow,’—
Said the Duchess Marguerite then.
‘Guide me, vassals, to the mountains !
We will build the Church again.’—

Sandall’d palmers, faring homeward,
Austrian knights from Syria came.
‘Austrian wanderers bring, O warders,
Homage to your Austrian dame.’—

From the gate the warders answer’d ;
‘Gone, O knights, is she you knew.
Dead our Duke, and gone his Duchess.
Seek her at the Church of Brou.’—

Austrian knights and march-worn palmers
Climb the winding mountain way.
Reach the valley, where the Fabric
Rises higher day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing ;
On the work the bright sun shines :
In the Savoy mountain meadows,
By the stream, below the pines.

On her palfrey white the Duchess
Sate and watch’d her working train ;
Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,
German masons, smiths from Spain.

Clad in black, on her white palfrey ;
Her old architect beside—
There they found her in the mountains,
Morn and noon and eventide.

There she sate, and watch’d the builders,
Till the Church was roof’d and done.
Last of all, the builders rear’d her
In the nave a tomb of stone.

On the tomb two Forms they sculptur'd,
Lifelike in the marble pale.
One, the Duke in helm and armour ;
One, the Duchess in her veil.

Round the tomb the carv'd stone fret-work
Was at Easter-tide put on.
Then the Duchess clos'd her labours ;
And she died at the St. John.

II. The Church.

Upon the glistening leaden roof
Of the new Pile, the sunlight shines.
The stream goes leaping by.
The hills are cloth'd with pines sun-proof
'Mid bright green fields, below the pines,
Stands the Church on high.
What Church is this, from men aloof?
'Tis the Church'of Brou.

At sunrise, from their dewy lair
Crossing the stream, the kine are seen
Round the wall to stray ;
The churchyard wall that clips the square
Of shaven hill-sward trim and green
Where last year they lay.
But all things now are order'd fair
Round the church of Brou.

On Sundays, at the matin chime,
The Alpine peasants, two and three,
Climb up here to pray.
Burghers and dames, at summer's prime,
Ride out to church from Chambery,
Dight with mantles gay.
But else it is a lonely time
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays too a priest doth come
From the wall'd town beyond the pass,
Down the mountain way.

And then you hear the organ's hum
 You hear the white-rob'd priest say mass,
 And the people pray.
 But else the woods and fields are dumb
 Round the Church of Brou.

And after church, when mass is done
 The people to the nave repair
 Round the Tomb to stray.
 And marvel at the Forms of stone.
 And praise the chisell'd broderies rare.
 Then they drop away.
 The Princely Pair are left alone
 In the Church of Brou.

III. The Tomb.

So rest, for ever rest, O Princely Pair !
 In your high Church, 'mid the still mountain air,
 Where horn, and hound, and vassals, never come.
 Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb
 From the rich painted windows of the nave
 On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave :
 Where thou, young Prince, shalt never more arise
 From the fring'd mattress where thy Duchess lies,
 On autumn mornings, when the bugle sounds,
 And ride across the draw bridge with thy hounds
 To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve.
 And thou, O Princess, shalt no more receive,
 Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,
 The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,
 Coming benighted to the castle gate.

So sleep, for ever sleep, O Marble Pair !
 Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
 On the carv'd Western Front a flood of light
 Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright,
 Prophets, transfigur'd Saints, and Martyrs brave,
 In the vast western window of the nave ;
 And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
 A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
 And amethyst and ruby ;—then uncloze,
 Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,

and from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
 and rise upon your cold white marble beds,
 and looking down on the warm rosy tints
 that chequer, at your feet, the illumin'd flints,
 say—' *What is this? we are in bliss—forgiven—*
'Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven !'—
 or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
 both rustlingly above your heads complain
 on the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls,
 hedding her pensive light at intervals,
 the Moon through the clere-story windows shines,
 and the wind wails among the mountain pines.
 then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
 the foliag'd marble forest, where ye lie,
 Hush'—ye will say—' *it is eternity*
'his is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
'he columns of the Heavenly Palaces.'—
 and in the sweeping of the wind your ear
 the passage of the Angels' wing will hear,
 and on the lichen-crust'd leads above
 the rustle of the eternal rain of Love.

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY.—*F. T. Palgrave.*

Autumn, 1588.

LET them come, come never so proudly,
 O'er the green waves in tall array ;
 Silver clarions menacing loudly,
 'All the Spains' on their pennons gay ;
 High on deck of their gilded galleys
 Our light sailers they scorn below :—
 We will scatter them, plague, and shatter them,
 Till their flag hauls down to the toe !
 For our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever, and her's still, come life, come death :
 God save Elizabeth !

Sidonía, Recalde, and Leyva
 Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn ;

Lords and Princes by Philip's favour :
 We by birthright are noble born !
 Freemen born of the blood of freemen,
 Sons of Cressy and Flodden are we :
 We shall sunder them, fire, and plunder them,—
 English boats on the English sea !
 And our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever, and her's still, come life, come death :
 God save Elizabeth !

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,
 Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil and Brooke,
 Hang like wasps by the flagships tower'd,
 Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak :—
 Let them range their seven-mile crescent,
 Giant galleons, canvass wide !
 Ours will harry them, board, and carry them,
 Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.
 For our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever, and her's still, come life, come death :
 God save Elizabeth !

——Has God risen in wrath and scatter'd,
 Have his tempests smote them in scorn ?
 Past the Orcades, dumb and tatter'd,
 'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn ?
 We were as lions hungry for battle ;
 God has made our battle his own !
 God has scatter'd them, sunk, and shatter'd them :
 Give the glory to him alone !
 While our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever, and her's still, come life, come death :
 God save Elizabeth !

THERE are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakspeare*.

. WAR.—*Byron.*

HARK !—heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote ;
Nor sav'd your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high :—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon :
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done ;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

By Heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there,)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air !
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey.
All join the chase, but few the triumph share :
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high.
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies,
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

BALAKLAVA.—*Archbishop Trench.*

MANY a deed of faithful daring may obtain no record
here,
Wrought where none could see or note it, save the one
Almighty Seer.
Many a deed, awhile remembered, out of memory needs
must fall,
Covered, as the years roll onward, by oblivion's creeping
pall :
But there are which never, never, to oblivion can give
room,
Till in flame earth's records perish, till the thunderpeal
of doom.
And of these through all the ages married to immortal
fame,
One is linked, and linked for ever, Balaklava, with thy
name ;
With thine armies three that wond'ring stood at gaze
and held their breath,
With thy fatal lists of honour, and thy tournament of
death.
O our brothers that are sleeping, weary with your great
day's strife,
On that bleak Crimean headland, noble prodigals of life,
Eyes which ne'er beheld you living, these have dearly
mourned you dead,
All your squandered wealth of valour, all the lavish blood
ye shed.
And in our eyes tears are springing ; but we bid them
back again ;
None shall say, to see us weeping, that we hold your
offering vain ;
That for nothing, in our sentence, did that holocaust
arise,
With a battle-field for altar, and with you for sacrifice.
Not for nought ; to more than warriors armed as you for
mortal fray,
Unto each that in life's battle waits his Captain's word
ye say—
'What by duty's voice is bidden, there where duty's star
may guide,

'hither follow, that accomplish, whatsoever else betide.'
'his ye taught ; and this your lesson solemnly in blood
ye sealed :
heroes, martyrs, are the harvest Balaklava's heights
shall yield.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.—*Lord Lytton.*

FROM Heaven what fancy stole
The dream of some good spirit, aye at hand,
The seraph whispering to th' exile soul
Tales of its native land?

Who to the cradle gave
The unseen watcher by the mother's side,
Born with the birth, companion to the grave,
The holy angel-guide?

Is it a fable?—'No,'
I hear LOVE answer from the sunlit air,
'Still where *my* presence gilds the darkness—know
Life's angel-guide is there?'—

Is it a fable? Hark,
FAITH hymns from deeps beyond the palest star,
'I am the pilot to thy wandering bark
Thy guide to shores afar.'

Is it a fable?—sweet
From wave, from air, from every forest tree,
The murmur spoke, 'Each thing thine eyes can greet
An angel-guide can be.

'From myriads take thy choice,
In all that lives a guide to God is given ;
Ever thou hear'st some angel guardian's voice
When Nature speaks of Heaven!'

THE GLADIATOR.—*Byron.*

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—

And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
 who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
 And unavenged?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.—*Browning.*

OH, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.—*Browning.*

NOBLY, nobly, Cape St. Vincent to the North-West died
away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
Bay ;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
In the dimmest North-East distance, dawned Gibraltar
grand and gray ;
' Here and here did England help me : how can I help
England ? '—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and
pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

THE LAST BUCCANIER.—*Kingsley.*

OH England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and
high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avés, beside the Spanish main.
There were forty craft in Avés that were both swift and
stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round
about ;
And a thousand men in Avés made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.
Thence we sailed against the Spaniard, with his hoards
of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of
old ;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as
stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to
the bone.
Oh the palms grow high in Avés, and fruits that shone
like gold,
And the colibris and parrots, they were gorgeous to be-
hold ;
And the negro maids of Avés from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a sweeping in from sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Avés to hear the landward breeze
 A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
 With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the
 roar
 Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched
 the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be ;
 So the king's ships sailed on Avés, and quite put down
 were we.

All day we fought like bull-dogs, but they burst the booms
 at night ;
 And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
 Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing, she
 died ;

But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
 And brought me home to England here, to beg until I
 die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where ;
 One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off
 there :

If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,
 To the pleasant Isle of Avés, to look at it once again.

MY LADY NATURE AND HER DAUGHTERS.

J. H. Newman.

LADIES, well I deem, delight
 In comely tire to move ;
 Soft, and delicate, and bright,
 Are the robes they love.
 Silks, where hues alternate play,
 Shawls, and scarfs, and mantles gay,
 Gold, and gems, and crispèd hair,
 Fling their light o'er lady fair.
 'Tis not waste, nor sinful pride,
 —Name them not, nor fault beside,—
 But her very cheerfulness
 Prompts and weaves the curious dress ;

While her holy thoughts still roam
'Mid birth-friends and scenes of home.
Pleased to please whose praise is dear,
Glitters she? she glitters there ;—
And she has a pattern found her
In Nature's glowing world around her.

Nature loves, as lady bright,
In gayest guise to shine,
All forms of grace, all tints of light,
Fringe her robe divine.
Sun-lit heaven, and rainbow cloud,
Changeful main, and mountain proud,
Branching tree, and meadows green,
All are deck'd in broider'd sheen.
Not a bird on bough-propp'd tower,
Insect slim, nor tiny flower,
Stone, nor spar, nor shell of sea,
But is fair in its degree.
'Tis not pride, this vaunt of beauty ;
Well she 'quits her trust of duty ;
And, amid her gorgeous state,
Bright, and bland, and delicate,
Ever beaming from her face
Praise of a Father's love we trace.

Ladies, shrinking from the view
Of the prying day,
In tranquil diligence pursue
Their heaven-appointed way.
Noiseless duties, silent cares,
Mercies lighting unawares,
Modest influence working good,
Gifts, by the keen heart understood,
Such as viewless spirits might give,
These they love, in these they live.—
Mighty Nature speeds her through
Her daily toils in silence too ;
Calmly rolls her giant spheres,
Sheds by stealth her dew's kind tears ;
Cheating sage's vexed pursuit,
Churns the sap, matures the fruit,

And, her deft hand still concealing,
Kindles motion, life, and feeling.

Ladies love to laugh and sing,
To rouse the chord's full sound,
Or to join the festive ring
Where dancers gather round.
Not a sight so fair on earth,
As a lady's graceful mirth ;
Not a sound so chasing pain,
As a lady's thrilling strain.—
Nor is Nature left behind
In her lighter moods of mind ;
Calm her duties to fulfil,
In her glee a prattler still.
Bird and beast of every sort
Hath its antic and its sport ;
Chattering brook, and dancing gnat,
Subtle cry of evening bat,
Moss uncouth and twigs grotesque,
These are Nature's picturesque.

Where the birth of Poesy ?
Its fancy and its fire ?
Nature's earth, and sea, and sky,
Fervid thoughts inspire.
Where do wealth and power find rest,
When hopes have failed, or toil opprest ?
Parks, and lawns, and deer, and trees,
Nature's work, restore them ease.—
Rare the rich, the gifted rare,—
Where shall work-day souls repair,
Unennobled, unrefined,
From the rude world and unkind ?
Who shall friend their lowly lot ?
High-born Nature answers not.
Leave her in her starry dome,
Seek we lady-lighted home.
Nature 'mid the spheres holds sway,
Ladies rule where hearts obey.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.—*Mrs. Browning.*

'O MAIDEN! heir of kings!
A king has left his place;
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face.
And thou upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best!'
The maiden wept,
She wept to wear a crown!

They decked her courtly halls;
They reined her hundred steeds;
They shouted, at her palace gate,
'A noble queen succeeds!'
Her name has stirr'd the mountain's sleep,
Her praise has fill'd the town;
And mourners, God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept,
Who wept to wear a crown!

She saw no purples shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes:
She only knew, her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries!
And while the heralds played their part,
Those million shouts to drown,
'God save the Queen!' from hill to mart—
She heard through all, her beating heart,
And turned, and wept,—
She wept to wear a crown.

God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own—
The love, that guardeth liberties;
Strange blessing on the nation lies,

Whose sovereign wept,
Yea, wept, to wear a crown.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine !
And fill with happier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine !
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A piercé hand may give to thee
The crown, which angels shout to see !
Thou wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown.

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR.

W. M. Praed.

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! the clarion's note is
high ;
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! the huge drum makes
reply :
Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our
ears.
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! White Guy is at the
door,
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston
Moor.

Up rose the lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret
stair.
Oh, many were the tears that those radiant eyes had
shed,
As she worked the bright word 'Glory' in the gay and
glancing thread ;
And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous
features ran,
As she said, 'It is your lady's gift ; unfurl it in the van.'

flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest
 in the steel-clad files of Skippon and the black
 goons of Pride ;
 the wanton soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
 the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
 they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt bravely on their
 g,
 their loyal soldiers' shout, . . For God and for the
 g !'—

n ; the ranks are broken along the royal line ;
 the braggarts of the Court, the bullies of the
 ne :
 Angley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm
 own,
 the pert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a
 vn ;
 and Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,
 the merman boar had better far have supped in York
 night.'

light is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
 and buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory
 n ;
 he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout—
 church and King, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight
 ut !'
 as he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums
 ave,
 ere he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a
 ve.

speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! thou hast no thought
 ear ;
 speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! but fearful odds are
 e.
 theitors ring thee round, and with every blow and
 ist,
 down,' they cry, 'with Belial, down with him to
 dust !'

'I would,' quoth grim old Oliver, 'that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!'—

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower ;
The gray-haired warden watches on the castle's highest tower.—
'What news, what news, old Anthony?'—'The field is lost and won :
The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the sun ;
And a wounded man speeds hither,—I am old and cannot see,
Or sure I am that sturdy step my master's step should be.'—

'I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough a fray,
As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for minstrel's lay.
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum sufficit* ;*
I'll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot and buff ;
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing out his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife !

Sweet ! we will fill our money-bags and freight a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mischance ;
Or, if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a king, and Peters for a pope !
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy !—out on the crop-eared boor,
That sent me with my standard on foot from Marston Moor !'

* *Quantum sufficit*, a sufficient quantity.

THE SLEEP.—*Mrs. Browning.*

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep?'

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake :
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

'Sleep soft, beloved !' we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep :
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delv'd gold, the wailers heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved, sleep,

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap :
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
 But angels say, and through the word
 I think their happy smile is *heard*—
 'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on His love repose
 Who giveth His beloved, sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let One, most loving of you all,
 Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall !
 'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.—*Sir F. H*

During the last Chinese war the following passage occurred in the correspondent of *The Times*: 'Some Seiks, and a private of having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the han Chinese. On the next morning, they were brought before the a and commanded to perform the Kotou. The Seiks obeyed; but the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and thrown on a dunghill.'

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed, and swore ;
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown
 And type of all his race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewildered, and alone,
 A heart, with English instinct fraught
 He yet can call his own.

Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame :
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow ;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In gray soft eddyings hung :
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel
He put the vision by ;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king
Because his soul was great.

THE OCEAN.—*Byron.*

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The Armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts ;—not so Thou ;—
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made : each zone
Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me

ere a delight ; And if the freshening sea
made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
or I was as it were a child of thee,
and trusted to thy billows far and near,
and laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

GIBRALTAR.—*Archbishop Trench.*

ENGLAND, we love thee better than we know —
and this I learned, when after wanderings long
and people of another stock and tongue,
heard again thy martial music blow,
and saw thy gallant children to and fro
ice, keeping ward at one of those huge gates,
which like twin giants watch the Herculean straits :
then first I came in sight of that brave show,
made my very heart within me dance,
to think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
forward so far into the mighty sea ;
joy was it and exultation to behold
thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
glorious picture by the wind unrolled.

THE COMBAT.—*Scott.*

THE chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle-wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said—
'Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
Vich Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,

Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand :
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.'

The Saxon paused :—' I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death :
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserv'd,
A better meed have well deserved.
Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ?' ' No, Stranger, none :
And hear, to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred,
Between the living and the dead :
" Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife."—
' Then, by my word,' the Saxon said,
' The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land.'

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
' Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :—

My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
Than that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
The braid of his fair lady's hair.'—
Thank thee, Roderick, for the word;
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
With the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
O Roderick! can courtesy be shown;
Nought not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
From this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
Yet fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt,
I'll try this quarrel hilt to hilt.'—
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Laid on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
To see what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.
I fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
His James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
O Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain:

And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill ;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

' Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade !'—
' Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
Let recreant yield who fears to die.'
—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;
Receiv'd, but recked not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel !—
They tug, they strain ! Down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted on his breast ;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright !—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game ;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow ! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

HENRY VIII., ACT III., PART OF SCENE II.—

Shakspeare.

Wolsey alone. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root ;
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth ; my high blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.*Wol.* What! amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?*Wol.* Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me.
 I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy—too much honour :
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use
 of it.

Wol. I hope I have ; I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord chancellor in your place,

Wol. That's somewhat sudden ;
 But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them !
 What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
 Installed lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open as his queen,
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
 Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever.
 No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master : Seek the king.
 That sun, I pray, may never set ; I have told him
 What, and how true thou art ; he will advance thee ;
 Some little memory of me will stir him,

w his noble nature,) not to let
 peful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
 t him not ; make use now, and provide
 ne own future safety.
 n. O, my Lord,
 then leave you ? must I needs forego
 d, so noble, and so true a master ?
 itness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
 ng shall have my service ; but my prayers
 er, and for ever, shall be yours.
 . Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
 thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 ry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
 eep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 must more be heard of,—say, I taught thee ;
 Volsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 ounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 well, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 it sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
 nage of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
 hyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 otion wins not more than honesty.
 i thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 ence envious tongues. Be just and fear not :
 l the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 od's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King ;
 Pr'ythee, lead me in ;
 take an inventory of all I have,
 : last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 y integrity to Heaven, is all
 now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 d my king, he would not in mine age
 left me naked to mine enemies.
 n. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell.
 The hopes of court ; my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[Exeunt.]

THE GOOD LIFE—LONG LIFE.—*Ben Jonson*

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk doth make men better be ;
 Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

Sir F. H. Doyle.

Supposed to be narrated by a soldier who survived.

(The *Birkenhead* was lost off the coast of Africa by striking on a hidden rock. The soldiers on board sacrificed themselves, in order that the boats might be left free for the women and children. These verses are put into the mouth of one of the few who eventually escaped.)

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down,
 The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
 A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
 Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock ;
 Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them passed
 The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
 In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
 Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
 From underneath her keel.

Confusion spread, for, though the coast seemed near,
 Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink.
 The boats could hold ?—not all—and it was clear
 She was about to sink.

'Out with those boats, and let us haste away,'
Cried one, 'ere yet yon sea the bark devours.'
The man thus clamouring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers, and made no reply,
Till our good colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought,
By shameful strength, unhonoured life to seek ;
Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What follows why recall ? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf ;
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others, under turf ;—

They sleep as well, and roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

If that day's work no clasp or medal mark,
If each proud heart no cross of bronze may press,
No cannon thunder loud from Tower and Park,
This feel we, none the less.

That those whom God's high grace there saved from ill—
Those also left His martyrs in the bay—
Though not by siege, though not by battle, still
Full well had earned their pay.

NOTHING in his life
Became him like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd
As'twere a careless trifle.—*Shakspeare.*

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF
CHAMOUNI.— *Coleridge.*

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wert blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?

Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice.
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low

In adoration, upward from thy base,
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise ;
 Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the Earth !
 Thou Kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
 Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

TO THE MOON.—*Shelley.*

ART thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heavens, and gazing on the earth.
 Wandering Companionless
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—
 And ever changing, like a joyless eye
 That finds no object worth its constancy ?

SPRING.—*Miss Rossetti.*

FROST-LOCKED all the winter,
 Seeds, and roots, and stones of fruits,
 What shall make their sap ascend
 That they may put forth shoots ?
 Tips of tender green,
 Leaf, or blade, or sheath ;
 Telling of the hidden life
 That breaks forth underneath,
 Life nursed in its grave by Death.
 Blows the thaw-wind pleasantly,
 Drips the soaking rain,
 By fits looks down the waking sun :
 Young grass springs on the plain ;
 Young leaves clothe early hedgerow trees ;
 Seeds, and roots, and stones of fruits,
 Swollen with sap put forth their shoots ;
 Curled-headed ferns sprout in the lane ;
 Birds sing and pair again.
 There is no time like Spring,
 When life's alive in everything,

Before new nestlings sing
 Before cleft swallows speed their journey back
 Along the trackless track—
 God guides their wing,
 He spreads their table that they nothing lack,—
 Before the daisy grows a common flower,
 Before the sun has power
 To scorch the world up in his noontide hour.

There is no time like Spring,
 Like Spring that passes by ;
 There is no life like Spring-life born to die,
 Piercing the sod,
 Clothing the uncouth clod,
 Hatched in the nest,
 Fledged on the windy bough,
 Strong on the wing :
 There is no time like Spring that passes by,
 Now newly born, and now
 Hastening to die.

DRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S
 EXHIBITION.—*Horace Smith.*

O thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story !)
 In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 These temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Which the very ruins are tremendous !

Alas ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
 Thou hast a tongue,—come, let us hear its tune ;
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy !
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
 Like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 With thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Alas ! us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
 To whom should we assign the Sphynx's fame ?
 Is Cheops or Cephrenes architect
 Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?

Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

* * * * *

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
 Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh glass to glass;
 Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat,
 Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
 Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
 And the great deluge still had left it green;
 Or was it then so old, that history's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
 Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
 But prithee tell us something of thyself;
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
 What hast thou seen—what strange adventures num-
 bered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
 March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,

And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold :
A heart has throb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled :
Have children climb'd those knees and kiss'd that face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
Oh ! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

TIME.—*Shelley.*

UNFATHOMABLE Sea ! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality !
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea ?

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.—*D. F. Macarthy.*

SUMMER is a glorious season,
Warm, and bright, and pleasant ;
But the past is not a reason
To despise the present :

So, while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all !

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms ;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perish'd in our arms :
But the memory of the vanish'd
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in winter, after all !

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh—
All the best are dead ;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden bed ;
And the arbutus, pearl-blossom'd,
Hangs its coral ball :
There are sunny days in winter, after all !

Summer trees are pretty—very, . .
And I love them well ;
But this holly's glistening berry
None of those excel.
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all !

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent ;—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God has sent ;
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of winter, after all !

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart ;
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart ;
Though the tomb looms in the distance,
And the mourning pall,
There is sunshine, and no winter, after all !

A SONG OF THE STORM.—*P. B. Marston.*

ACROSS the barren moor
 We hear the breakers roar,
 See them shine upon the shore ;
 Hear, loud, the sea-gulls cry :
 The wind blows loud and shrill,
 The sea heaves hill on hill,
 Moonlight and tempest fill
 The pure and stormy sky.

'Neath clashing winds of night
 The sea revels in its might,
 And clear the pale, blown light
 Of driven billows gleams.
 O bright, tempestuous sea !
 From whose gaping foam-mouths flee
 Ships hunted to the lea,
 As souls by evil dreams.

If only I might share
 That strife of sea, and air,
 Nobly to do and dare
 Would make my heart rise high,
 As a martial soul's desire,
 That, at sound of trump and lyre,
 Breaks into flower of fire,
 While the wind of sound goes by.

O women with rent hair,
 The wind beats back your prayer,
 Which may not reach to where
 The loved ones strive for life.
 Can all your tears appease
 The anger of the seas
 Or make a night of peace,
 With sea and wind at strife !

Sea-shrieks come loud and long,
 Through the thunder and the song
 Of breakers white and strong,
 Exploding on the land.

Against the cliffs the wind
 Strikes madly, being blind,
 What shall the day-break find
 Upon the barren strand ?

O white and windy deep,
 How many millions sleep
 'Neath thy valley and thy steep ;
 O bright careering sea !
 O white, warm, bubbling spray,
 Blown hissing all one way,—
 O loud, resounding bay !
 O lorn and stricken lea !

Thou, God, in whose clear sight
 The day is as the night,
 Man's weakness as his might,
 The tempest works Thy will,
 Obeys, is stayed by Thee ;
 Say to the wind and sea,
 Peace ! and a calm let be,
 And all the tumult still.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.—*Archbishop Trench.*

A DEWDROP falling on the wild sea-wave,
 Exclaimed in fear,—‘ I perish in this grave ;’
 But in a shell received, that drop of dew
 Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew ;
 And, happy now, the grace did magnify
 Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die ;—
 Until again, ‘ I perish quite,’ it said,
 Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed :
 Ah unbelieving !—so it came to gleam,
 Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

THE CLOUD.—*Shelley.*

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.

my wings are shaken the dews that waken
sweet birds every one,
rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
he dances about the sun.
l the flail of the lashing hail,
whiten the green plains under ;
en again I dissolve it in rain,
laugh as I pass in thunder.

he snow on the mountains below,
their great pines groan aghast ;
ll the night 'tis my pillow white,
le I sleep in the arms of the blast.
ne on the towers of my skiey bowers
stning my pilot sits,
avern under is fettered the thunder,
ruggles and howls at fits ;
arth and ocean, with gentle motion,
s pilot is guiding me,
by the love of the genii that move
he depths of the purple sea ;
he rills, and the crags, and the hills,
r the lakes and the plains,
ever he dream, under mountain or stream,
: Spirit he loves remains ;
all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
le he is dissolving in rains.

anguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
his burning plumes outspread,
on the back of my sailing rack,
en the morning-star shines dead.
the jag of a mountain crag,
ich an earthquake rocks and swings,
gle alit one moment may sit
he light of its golden wings ;
hen sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
urdours of rest and of love,
ne crimson pall of eve may fall
n the depth of heaven above,
wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
till as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and unbuild it again.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.—*Lord Lytton.*

UPON a barren steep,
Above a stormy deep,
I saw an Angel watching the wild sea ;
Earth was that barren steep,
Time was that stormy deep,
And the opposing shore—Eternity !

‘Why dost thou watch the wave ?
Thy feet the waters lave,
The tide engulfs thee if thou dost delay.’
‘Unscathed I watch the wave,
Time not the Angel’s grave,
I wait until the ocean ebbs away.’

Hush’d on the Angel’s breast
I saw an Infant rest,
Smiling upon the gloomy hell below.
‘What is the Infant press’d,
O Angel, to thy breast ?’
‘The child God gave me, in the Long Ago.

Mine all upon the earth,
The Angel’s angel-birth,
Smiling each terror from the howling wild.’
Never may I forget
The dream that haunts me yet,
Of PATIENCE NURSING HOPE—THE ANGEL AND
THE CHILD.

THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT.—*R. Garnett.*

THE stream was smooth as glass, we said : ‘Arise and
let’s away ;’
The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes lay ;
And spread the sail, and strong the oar, we gaily took our
way.
When shall the sandy bar be cross’d ? When shall we
find the bay ?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o’er cattle-dotted
plains,

The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with heavy rains,
 The labourer looks up to see our shallop speed away.
 When shall the sandy bar be cross'd? When shall we find the bay?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds; the sun, superbly large,
 Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke sinks flaming at their marge.
 The waves are bright with mirror'd light as jacinths on our way.
 When shall the sandy bar be cross'd? When shall we find the bay?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more we see
 The spreading river's either bank, and surging distantly
 There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers far away.
 Now shall the sandy bar be cross'd, now shall we find the bay!

The sea-gull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to our sight
 The moonlit crests of foaming waves gleam towering through the night.
 We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her from her lay,
 When once the sandy bar is cross'd, and we are in the bay.

What rises white and awful as a shroud-enfolded ghost?
 What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangour on the coast?
 Pull back! pull back! The raging flood sweeps every oar away.
 O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O boat, is this thy bay?

IF it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently;
 For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Shakspeare.

UP-HILL.—*Miss Rossetti.*

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way ?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin :

May not the darkness hide it from my face ?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?

Yea, beds for all who come.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.—*J. G. Whittier.*

PIPES of the misty moorlands,

Voice of the glens and hills ;

The droning of the torrents,

The treble of the rills !

Not the braes of broom and heather,

Nor the mountains dark with rain,

Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,

Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,

And plaided mountaineer,—

To the cottage and the castle,

The Scottish pipes are dear ;—

Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch

O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;

But the sweetest of all music

The Pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger

Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;

Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
'Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!' the soldier said ;
'To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.'

O, they listened, looked and waited,
Till their hope became despair ;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground :
'Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound !'

Hushed the wounded man his groaning ;
Hushed the wife her little ones ;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true ;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call :
'Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—
The grandest o' them all !'

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last ;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast !
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;
'God be praised !—the march of Havelock !
The piping of the clans !'

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain ;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played !

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.—*Browning.*

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
'Good speed!' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts un-
drew ;
'Speed!' echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,

Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So Joris broke silence with : ' Yet there is time ! '

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris : ' Stay
spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix '—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And ' Gallop,' cried Joris, ' for Aix is in sight ! '

' How they'll greet us ! '—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and crop over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight

the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 h his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 l with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

n I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
 ok off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 od up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 ed my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;
 oped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
 od,
 at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

l all I remember is friends flocking round
 l sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
 l no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 l poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 ich (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 s no more than his due who brought good news from
 hent.

THE FUGITIVES.—*Shelley.*

THE waters are flashing,
 The white hail is dashing,
 The lightnings are glancing,
 The hoar-spray is dancing—

Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
 The thunder is tolling,
 The forest is swinging,
 The minster bells ringing—

Come away!

The earth is like ocean,
 Wreck-strewn and in motion :
 Bird, beast, man, and worm,
 Have crept out of the storm—

Come away!

' Our boat has one sail,
 And the helmsman is pale ;—
 A bold pilot I trow,
 Who should follow us now,"
 Shouted He—

And She cried : ' Ply the oar,
Put off gaily from shore !'
As she spoke, bolts of death,
Mixed with hail, specked their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower, and rock,
The blue-beacon cloud broke,
Though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

' And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou ?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou ?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou ?'

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low ;—
While around the lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered, and shifted,
To and fro.

In the court of the fortress,
Beside the pale portress,
Like a bloodhound well beaten
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame :

On the topmost watch turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame ;

And with curses as wild
As e'er clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last
Of his name !

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.—*Campbell.*

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;

'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'—

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died—
With the gallant good Riou ; *
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !—

* Captain Riou, justly styled by Lord Nelson the gallant and the good.

THE LOST DAY.—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

LOST! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise :
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In Fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a string behind.
Yet to my hand 'twas given,
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain :
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again :
I offer no reward—
For till these heartstrings sever,
I know that Heaven's entrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land,
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand,
Who judgeth quick and dead ;
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread enquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there ?

O ENGLAND ! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do
Were all thy children kind and natural.—*Shakspeare*

ADVERSITY.—*Shakspeare*.

SWEET are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

A FOREST HYMN.—*Bryant*.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear. Father ! thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns ; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,

As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the summit of these trees
In music ; thou art in the cooler breath
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt ; the barked trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship—nature here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch the solitary bird
Passes ; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and wandering steeples the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immoveable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his feet
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation from the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed

For ever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo ; all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms : upon her bosom yet.
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them,—and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence, reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble, and are still. Oh, God ! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods,
And drowns the villages ; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent and overwhelms
Its cities,—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine ; nor let us need the wrath

Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And, to the beautiful order of thy works,
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

KING JOHN, ACT IV., SCENE I.

Shakespeare.

Enter Hubert and Two Attendants.

Hub. HEAT me these irons hot ; and look thou stand
 Within the arras, when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

i. Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to 't.—

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
 To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I ;
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be merry as the day is long ;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt,
 My uncle practises more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault, that I was Geffréy's son ?
 No indeed is't not ; And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead ;
 Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

[Aside.]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day;
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
 That I might sit all night and watch with you:
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]
 Turning spiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but
 ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me);
 And I did never ask it you again.
 And with my hand, at midnight, held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
 Saying, What lack you? and Where lies your grief?
 Or What good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning; do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why then, you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it;
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench his fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn hard than hammer'd iron ?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him. No tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth ! *[Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants with Cords, Irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough ?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb,
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily ;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

I Attend. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[Exeunt Attendants.

Arth. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend ;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven ! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense,
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes ;
 Though to no use, but still to look on you !
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth : the fire is dead with grief,
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd
 In undeserv'd extremes : See else yourself.
 There is no malice in this burning coal ;
 The breath of heav'n hath blown his spirit out,
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush,
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
 And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
 All things that you should use to do me wrong,
 Deny their office ; only you do lack
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes,
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
 You were disguised.

Hub. Peace no more. Adieu !
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me.
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exit.]

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted !
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakspeare.

CLOUDS.—*W. Barnes.*

ONRIDING slow, at lofty height,
Were clouds in drift along the sky,
Of purple blue, and pink, and white,
In pack and pile, upreaching high,
For ever changing, as they flew,
Their shapes from new again to new.

And some like rocks, and towers of stone,
Or hills, or woods, outreaching wide ;
And some like roads, with dust upblown
In glittering whiteness off their side,
Outshining white, again to fade,
In figures made to be unmade.

So things may meet, but never stand,
In life ; they may be smiles or tears :
A joy in hope, and one in hand ;
Some grounds of grief, and some of fears ;
They may be good, or may be ill,
But never long abiding still.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.—*D. G. Rossetti.*

THE blessed damozel looked out
From the gold bar of Heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn ;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;

Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me— her hair
Fell all about my face . . .
Nothing : the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the world. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sank in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened ? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair ?)

' I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come,' she said.
' Have I not prayed in Heaven ?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

' When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;
We will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.

' We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

' We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

' And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here ; which his voice

Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know.'

(Alas ! We two, we two, thou say'st !
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee ?)

'We two,' she said, 'will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

'Circlewise sit they, with bound locks,
And foreheads garlanded ;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birthrobes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

'He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak :
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

'Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles :
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

'There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me :—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he.'

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
'All this is when he comes.' She ceased:
The Light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres :
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

TO A SKY-LARK.—*Wordsworth.*

UP with me ! up with me into the clouds !
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds !
Singing, singing,
With all the heavens about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to my mind !
I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary ;
Had I now the wings of fairy,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine ;
Up with me, up with me, high and high,
To thy banqueting-place in the sky !
Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning ;
Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest :
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark ! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy liver !
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Hearing thee, or else some other,
 As merry as a brother,
 I on the earth will go plodding on,
 By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.

COWPER'S GRAVE.—*Mrs. Browning.*

It is a place where poets crown'd may feel the heart's
 decaying ;
 It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their
 praying :
 Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence lan-
 guish :
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave
 her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless
 singing !
 O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was
 clinging !
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths be-
 guiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while
 ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming
 tears his story,
 How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
 And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering
 lights departed,
 He wore no less a loving face because so broken-
 hearted,—

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
 And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adora-
 tion ;
 Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
 Named softly as the household name of one whom God
 hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon
 him,
 With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven
 hath won him,

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to
blind him,
but gently led the blind along where breath and bird
could find him ;

and wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic
senses
as hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influ-
ences :
the pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its
number,
and silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a
slumber.

Vild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his
home-caresses,
Looking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses :
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's
ways removing,
its women and its men became, beside him, true and
loving.

and though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of
that guiding,
and things provided came without the sweet sense of
providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while phrenzy desolated,
—Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created.

like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she
blesses,
and drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
kisses,—
That turns his fevered eyes around—'My mother!
where's my mother?'—
as if such tender words and deeds could come from any
other !—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending
o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love
she bore him !—

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever
 gave him,
 Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death
 to save him.

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth can image ~~that~~
 awaking,
 Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round
 him breaking,
 Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
 But felt those eyes alone, and knew,— '*My Saviour!* *not*
deserted!'

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross in
 darkness rested,
 Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
 What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning
 drops averted?
 What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one*
 should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence
 rather;
 And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son
 and Father:
 Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath
 shaken—

It went up single, echoless, '*My God, I am forsaken!*'

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
 That, of the lost, no son should use those words of deso-
 lation!

That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should mar
 not hope's fruition,
 And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a
 vision.

AUTHORITY.—*Shakspeare.*

Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
 For every pelting, petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder;—
 Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
 Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
 Than the soft myrtle : but man, proud man,
 Dress'd in a little brief authority,—
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
 As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.—*Lord Macaulay.*

*BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-
 NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERGEANT IN IRETON'S
 REGIMENT.*

OH ! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the
 North,
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all
 red ?
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye
 tread ?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the
 strong,
 Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of
 God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
 That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses
 shine ;
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced
 hair,
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the
 Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a
 shout,
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the
Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his
drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes:—
close your ranks:—
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here:—they rush on.—We are broken—We are
gone.—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the
last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound:—the centre hath given
ground:—
Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horsemen
on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis
he, boys.
Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the
dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple-
Bar:

And he—he turns,—he flies,—shame to those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain: and ere ye strip the
slain,
First give another stab to make your guest secure;

shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces
and lockets,
e tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

* * * * *

re be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and
hell and fate,
d the fingers that once were so busy with your
blades ;
perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
ur stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and
our spades ?

1, down, for ever down, with the mitre and the
crown,
th the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the
Pope ;
e is woe in Oxford Halls ; there is wail in Durham's
Stalls ;
Jesuit smites his bosom ; the Bishop rends his cope.

She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
d tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
sword ;
the kings of earth in fear, shall shudder when they
hear
hat the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses
and the Word.

ONGING FOR HOME.—*Miss Jean Ingelow.*

A SONG of a boat :—

ere was once a boat on a billow :
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
the foam was white in her wake like snow,
her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
d bent like a wand of willow.

haded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
arked her course till a dancing mote
aded out on the moonlit foam,
I stayed behind in the dear loved home ;

And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short :—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.

Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah me !

A song of a nest :—
There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim ;
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long :—
You shall never light in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah happy, happy I !
Right dearly I loved them : but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest ?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west ?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed ?

Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed ?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be :
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me !

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.—*Campbell.*

Wizard. LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.
Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling
seer !

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to
scorn ?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh !

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my
clan,

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard.—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day:
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight;
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel

on sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
 fe flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 and his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 :cursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
 here his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 ith the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—
Loch.—Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :
 or never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 o black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 ho' my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
 like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
 ochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 hile the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 hall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 ith his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
 nd leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 ook proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—*Wordsworth.*

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open into the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air,
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.

ULIUS CÆSAR, ACT IV., PART OF SCENE III.

Shakspeare.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. THAT you have wronged me doth appear in this :
 'ou have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
 'or taking bribes here of the Sardians ;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? Ay, more : Fret till your proud heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived he durst not thus have moved
me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love :
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats :
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!
For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou loved'st him bett
Than ever thou loved'st Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

- u. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
s. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
u. And my heart too.
s. O Brutus!—
u. What's the matter?
s. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
n that rash humour which my mother gave me
es me forgetful?
u. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
n you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
think your mother chides, and leave you so.

THE SIFTERS.—*W. Barnes.*

I ONE day in fancy stray'd,
O'er the land in sunny air,
Where sweet childhood ever play'd,
And where youth was ever fair.
And although I sometimes came
Where, by sin's all-blighting breath,
Much of life was touch'd for death,
And all marr'd, as Eden charr'd
By leaping flame.

Yet all gay with glitt'ring lights,
Out as far as eyes could scan,
There were many touching sights
Of the many works of man.
There were road and bridgèd ford,
And the house to shield his head,
And the field he till'd for bread,
And the tall church tow'rs that call
Him to the Lord.

And as there I chanced to look
Where outreach'd some higher lands,
I beheld sweet Love who shook
A bright sieve in his two hands;
Though he did not look about,
For, with Wisdom at his side,
He was working, as in pride,
There to lift, and briskly sift,
A something out.

And his golden sieve, and all
It kept back, was dazzling bright,
And whate'er its wires let fall
Was windwafted out of sight ;
For through Memory's sieve the boy,
On the wind of Time, that flows
As a windstream when it blows,
Sifts the sad, and all that's bad,
And keeps each joy.

Then beyond a swinging gate
On a waste of wilder lands,
Saw I everfrowning Hate
Shake a sieve in her dark hands ;
And her looks were far from gay,
And with Folly at her side,
From the black sieve that she plied,
Something light, and dazzling bright,
Was swept away.

For the dismal sieve she had
Was the Mind that sifts amiss,
Keeping back the sad and bad,
And outshedding ev'ry bliss.
While on ever-flowing Time,
As on wind outflies the chaff,
Fall and fly the joy and laugh,
Leaving in the thought of sin
And wrong and crime.

Since to Love and Hate, their meat
Is whiche'er they keep behind,
Love has soulfood ever sweet,
Hate has poison to the mind ;
So let me not sift amiss,
But by Wisdom still be taught
To outsift each evil thought
From the mind, and keep behind
The food of bliss.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done !—*Shakspeare.*

PARADISE.—*Milton.*

On he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up-grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Lossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd with gay enamell'd colours mix'd;
In which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape; and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Eternal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Aromatic perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Tropicambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased, they slack their course, and many a league,
Meet'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

THE silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.—*Shakspeare.*

DYING YET LIVING.—*Theodore Tilton.*

SHE died, yet is not dead !
 Ye saw a daisy on her tomb :
 It bloomed to die—she died to bloom ;
 Her summer hath not sped.

She died, yet is not dead !
 Ye saw the jewels all unset ;
 But God let fall a coronet
 To crown her ransomed head.

She died, yet is not dead !
 Ye saw her gazing towards a sky
 Whose lights are shut from mortal eye ;
 She lingered, yearned, and fled.

She died, yet is not dead !
 Through pearly gate, on golden street,
 She went her way with shining feet :
 Go ye, and thither tread !

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.—*Addison.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well,—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
 Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the Soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the Divinity, that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), he must delight in virtue,
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when, or where ?—This world was made for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This, in a moment, brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point :
The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

HYMN OF THE CITY.—*Bryant.*

NOT in the solitude
Alone, may man commune with Heaven, or see,
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the Present Deity ;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

E'en here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty !— here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes !
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the raving tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
 Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast,
 The quiet of that moment, too, is thine ;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

KING HENRY IV., PART II., ACT III., SCENE I.

Shakspeare.

Enter King Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;
 But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
 And well consider of them : make good speed.

[Exit Page.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep !
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?—
 Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,

t to a king? Then, happy low, lie down !
y lies the head that wears a crown:

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

r. Many good morrows to your majesty !

Ien. Is it good morrow, lords ?

r. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

Ien. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

r. We have, my liege.

Ien. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom,
oul it is ; what rank diseases grow,
ith what danger, near the heart of it.

r. It is but as a body yet distemper'd ;
to its former strength may be restor'd
good advice and little medicine :—

d Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

Ien. O Heaven ! that one might read the book of
e,

re the revolution of the times
mountains level, and the continent

y of solid firmness) melt itself

ie sea ! and, other times, to see

achy girdle of the ocean

ide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,

anges fill the cup of alteration

livers liquors ! O, if this were seen,

ppiest youth, viewing his progress through,

perils past, what crosses to ensue,—

shut the book, and sit him down and die.

at ten years gone

Richard and Northumberland, great friends,

ast together, and in two years after,

hey at wars : it is but eight years, since

ercy was the man nearest my soul ;

ike a brother, toil'd in my affairs,

id his love and life under my foot ;

r my sake, even to the eyes of Richard

im defiance. But which of you was by ?

ousin Nevil, as I may remember), [*To Warwick.*

Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy :
 ' Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my Throne :'
 Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent ;
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :—
 ' The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
 ' The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption : '—so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd ;
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
 And by the necessary form of this,
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness ;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities ?
 Then let us meet them like necessities ;—
 And that same word even now cries out on us ;
 They say, the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
 To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
 And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
 Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel ;

And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

[The Castle of Chillon, on the lake of Geneva, is celebrated as having been the prison of François de Bonnavard, the hero of Genevan independence. He was incarcerated here in 1530 by the Duke of Savoy, and remained in confinement till 1536, when he was delivered by the people of Berne who took possession of the Canton of Vaud. 'The object of the poem is not to paint the character of Bonnavard, but to mark the effects of confinement in gradually chilling the mental powers as it benumbs and freezes the animal frame, until its victim becomes, as it were a part of his dungeon, and identified with its chains.']

MY hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white,
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears :
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare :
But this was for my father's faith,
I suffer'd chains and courted death ;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage ;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,

Dim with a dull imprison'd ray—
A sunbeam which has lost its way,
And through the crevices and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp—
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have seen the sun to rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet each alone ;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight ;
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold.
But even these at length grew cold ;
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be :
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest

I ought to do—and did my best,
And each did well in his degree.

The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,

For him my soul was sorely moved ;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest ;
For he was beautiful as day—

(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—

A polar day which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,

Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun :

And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind ;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank

With joy :—but not in chains to pine :
His spirit withered with their clank,

I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine ;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.

He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf ;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls :
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow ;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent

From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthral's :
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple, night and day ;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd ;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash thro' the bars when winds were high,
And wanton in the happy sky.
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined ;
He loathed and put away his food ;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care :
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat.
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den ;
But what were these to us or him ?
These wasted not his heart or limb ;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side ;
But why delay the truth ?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain,
He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.

I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread :
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow :
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away

As a departed rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonish'd ;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him :—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew.—

First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist ;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
It was not night—it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place ;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death ;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ;
But then by dull degrees came back .
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun,
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird with azure wings,
A song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me !
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more ;
It seem'd, like me, to want a mate,

But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 And brought me back to feel and think.
 I knew not, if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
 Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
 A visitant from Paradise :
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile—
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me ;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate
 My keepers grew compassionate,
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was :—my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part :
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod ;
 For if I thought with heedless tread

My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape ;
For I had buried one and all,
Who loved me in a human shape ;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me :
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery ;
I thought of this and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad ;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame ;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush ;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down ;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view :
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all ;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast

As then to me he seemed to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain ;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load ;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,
And yet my glance, too much opprest,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote ;
At last men came to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home :
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade ;
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they ?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are :—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

COWARDS die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.—*Shakspeare.*

THE CHANGELING.—*Lowell.*

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair ;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me !

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day, ♦
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away ;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingali
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled :

When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky ;

As weak, yet as trustful also ;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me ;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast ;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

T. H. Bayley.

SHADES of ev'ning close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark a while ;
Morn, alas ! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle.
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;
Darker shadows round us hover,—
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well !

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light ;
Who will fill our vacant places ?
Who will sing our songs to-night ?
Through the mist that floats above us
Faintly sounds the vesper-bell,
Like a voice from those who love us:
Breathing fondly, Fare thee well !

When the waves around me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye is vainly seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon ;
When on that dear land I ponder,
Where my old companions dwell,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well !

MUSIC BY MOONLIGHT.—*Shakspeare.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;—
Such harmony is in immortal souls !
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn :
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music.

OUR ONE LIFE.—*H. Bonar.*

'TIS not for man to trifle ! life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we,
One, only one ;
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span !
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream,
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Tho' strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
No idle tale ;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.
O life below,—how brief, and poor, and sad !
One heavy sigh.
O life above,—how long, how fair, and glad !
An endless joy.
Oh, to be done with daily dying here ;
Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere !
O day of time, how dark ! O sky and earth,
How dull your hue ;
O day of Christ, how bright ! O sky and earth
Made fair and new !
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green ;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.

IN men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

Joaquin Miller.







